

MODEST APOLOGY

FOR THE

Ancient and Honourable FAMILY

OF THE

WRONGHEADS.

IN A

LETTER

TO THE

Right Honourable the E. of C---.

Nōris nos, inquam, docti sumus. HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-*
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W. W. W.



LONDON:

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Rogers, Rens. M. de C.

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MY LORD,

THOUGH I have not the Honour to be personally known to your Lordship, yet your universal Character, distinguish'd as much by your Affability and Politeness, as by your Wit and Quality, has encouraged me to apply myself to you, upon an Affair in which my Honour and Interest, as well as that of my Family, are too nearly concerned to be silent — I have the Honour, my Lord, to be very nearly related to the Honourable

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nourable Family whose Apology I am writing ; my Mother being Sister to the celebrated Sir *Francis*, of immortal Memory. As we are a very numerous Family, and well allied, no wonder that many of us are employed in eminent Posts of Honour and Profit ; and sometimes perhaps in the Management and Direction of Affairs of the greatest Consequence both in Church and State. Now, as all of us happen to be in a different way of thinking from your Lordship, all the World sees you have contracted an incurable Aversion to the whole Family. Whenever you take it in your Head to be displeased with the Management of publick Affairs, upon every Suspicion of political Misconduct, the Cry is immediately raised upon us all ; the Guilt of every Ministerial Blunder is charged upon some or other of our Kindred ; though I will take upon me to answer for every individual Person concerned in such Counsels or Transactions, that they shall separately and jointly depose, upon their corporal Oath, that they have no more Relation to the Family than your Lordship. This is very hard ! but what is still harder, your Lordship is said to take this Liberty in the most August Assembly in the World ; where, it is well known, we have not, at present, so much as one Friend or Relation to undertake our Cause, or speak one Word in our Justification.

As this must be thought a great Hardship upon so many innocent Sufferers, I humbly
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intreat your Lordship's Indulgence, whilst I am endeavouring to do Justice to the most numerous Family in the Universe; and which is by Blood, or Marriage, related to the most Illustrious Houses in *Europe*.

The Antiquity of our Family (an Article that has given Distinction and Precedency to many a worthless Litter, who had no other single good Quality to recommend them) may, I humbly presume, with more than equal Justice, be pleaded by us, who have been, in all Ages, distinguish'd by the most eminent and meritorious Services, and been rewarded accordingly. I know it has been suggested by our Enemies, that we are but of Yesterday, that we were the *Aborigines* of a certain neighbouring Kingdom, transplanted into this and other Countries all over the Globe by mere Necessity, to pick up a comfortable Subsistence abroad, which we could not find at home. This is so gross a Calumny as could only proceed from downright Ignorance, or Malice, or both; since every one that has the least Acquaintance with History, must know the contrary. It appears by the concurrent Testimonies of the most ancient and faithful Historians, that we have made shining and illustrious Figures in every Age and Nation under Heaven: and even in our own, in which we are more immediately concerned, we have had Princes, Peers, Prelates, and Privy-Councillors; not to mention Baronets,

Simple Knights, Squires, and Justices of the Peace innumerable.

We are informed by History, that one of our Family was a *Conjurer*, (an Honour that many an illustrious House cannot boast of) with this particular Circumstance, that his Name was *Simon*, and he always went by the Name of *Simon the Conjurer*. But as he seems to have been but a poor Honey, and came to an untimely End, by an unsuccessful Experiment even in his own Profession, we are not very vain of our Relation; and as he is said to have lived a great while ago, and there has not been one in the Family ever since, we have taken a great deal of Pains, both in private and publick, to persuade the World, that there never was any *such Person*. I mean any *such Character*; and that all the Pretenders to that Sort of Knowledge are *Quacks* and *Impostors*, and ought rather to be punished for Cheats, than Associates with evil Spirits, who have something else to do, than to be at the Call of every beggarly Rascal, or doating old Woman, that pleases to employ them: Whereas, if they had Leisure or Inclination to trouble themselves with our dirty Affairs, they might be admitted into Cabinets and Drawing-rooms, might have a Seat in *****, or the Direction of *****, upon giving proper Security for their true and faithful Attachment, and due Attention to the Interests of their Patrons. But to return.

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Though at present we lye under great and popular Discouragements, by the unreasonable and ungrateful Opposition of some that shall be nameless, who affect to forget that they owe their present Portion of Wealth and Power to the superfine Policy of the *Wrongheads*, their Predecessors; yet we are not without reasonable Hopes of retrieving one Day the Honour and Figure of the Family, and contributing as much to the Glory and Prosperity of the present or rising Generation, as our Predecessors have done to the past. To enter into a Detail of the many Services we have been doing to the Publick, would be an endless and needless Task: I shall rather chuse to lay before your Lordship a short View of several wonderful Improvements and Refinements we have made in the three great Articles of *Learning*, *Religion*, and *Politicks*, by which we stand eminently distinguish'd from the rest of Mankind; and from which we may one Day promise ourselves such a Superiority of Rank and Character, as is due to such superior Merit, and the Services, we are every Day doing to our native Country.

The Figure, we made, and the Rank, we sustained in the *Learned* World for above a thousand Years, is too well known to admit of a Dispute; our Enemies themselves confess it, and by a preposterous kind of Vanity upbraid us with it. It is well known that during that long Space of Time, we had the entire Government and Direction of much the
greater

greater Part of the *Universities, Churches, Schools, and Learned Societies in Europe*, and filled most of the Professors Chairs in every Faculty. This is so notorious, that we have ever since, by universal Consent, obtained the distinguishing Title of *The Schoolmen*. And the *Divinity and Philosophy* of those Schools of ours, were the Light and Glory of those happy Ages. We were the sole Authors of those immense Treasures of Learning, which since the Invention of *Printing* have made such a pompous and voluminous Appearance in the Libraries of the Learned, under the illustrious Titles of *Summæ, Sententiæ, Loci Communes, Diatribæ, Commentaria, Thesauri, Collectaneæ, Quæstiones, &c.* which by the barbarous Pride and Ignorance of the *Moderns*, are brought into so great Contempt, that nothing but publick Libraries, secured by Locks, and Bolts, and Chains, can preserve them from the worse than *Gothick* Fury of Pastry-cooks, Bandbox-makers, Grocers, and Chandlers. This was in a great measure owing to the malicious Opposition, we met with about two Centuries ago, from that bitter Enemy to all profound Erudition, *Erasmus*; who, with some other evil-minded Persons in that and our own Country, raised such a Cry and Persecution against us, as had well nigh ended in the Destruction of our whole Family; notwithstanding all which, though we were often obliged to shift our Quarters, in order to escape the Fury of our Persecutors, we still continued
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to hold up our Heads, and make a tolerable Figure in some Parts of the World or other, from whence we have been able, from time to time, to send Authors and Professors to some of the most eminent Societies in *Europe*. And these are they that have enriched the Learned World with many voluminous Enquiries, acute Conjectures, and profound Discoveries in every Branch of Science, and Article of Learning.

Very few of us indeed have pretended to be Authors of particular Systems, founded upon Principles, and regularly digested into Conclusions; yet have we not been wanting in our best Endeavours to improve and illustrate several Articles of Knowledge, which others have through Pride, or Ignorance, overlook'd, or despis'd. How many curious and learned Dissertations, for instance, have we publish'd, *De Nummulis, Vestibus, Vasibus, Fibulis, Cochlearibus, Salinis, Urnis, Balneis, Sepulchris, &c. Romanis*, to the great Comfort and Edification of all true Lovers of Antiquity, and the clearer Elucidation of the most valuable Writers of that Age and Nation? and convinced the Learned World, that the venerable Rust of one of those precious Reliques was of more Value to a true Virtuoso, than the most exact Knowledge of the Genius, Policy, and Actions of that mighty Nation. For how could we possibly form an exact Notion (for instance) of a *Roman* Feast, and the luxurious Entertainments so frequently described by the Satyrists

tyrists and Historians of those Times, without knowing the exact Form of the Tables, Dishes, Spoons, Salts, Cookery, and Sauces that were used on those Occasions? What Idea could we have of the *Beaux* and *Belles* of ancient *Rome*, when they made their grand Appearance at a Ball, in the Theatre, or at Court, unless we know exactly the Name, Shape, and Matter of every Price and Article of their Dress, without which many a fine Passage in *Petronius*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*, and *Horace*, would be perfectly unintelligible? It was this sort of Knowledge, that enabled a certain great Genius of our own to write such excellent Notes upon *Athenæus*; in order to which, he spared no Cost nor Pains to procure the best Light he could from the Writings of the Ancients. In the Course of his Enquiries, he had the good Fortune to find an excellent Receipt for a Pudding, in one of *Aristophanes's* Plays. He also discovered the true Way of making and frying the celebrated *Alphiton*, or Barley-meal Pancake of the *Spartans*, and the *black Broth* of the *Lacedæmonians*; as also the Matter and Form of the famous *Thericlean Cups*, which were used in their most magnificent Entertainments; with many other important Discoveries in the *Greek* and *Roman* Cookery. By his profound and exact Knowledge of the *Roman Coiffeure*, he has given abundant Lights to many obscure Passages in the *Roman* Satyrists; particularly that in *Juvenal*, which has so much puzzled the
ancient

ancient Scholiasts *Compagibus altis ædificare caput*, which in short was neither more nor less than dressing a Commode. By these and other useful Labours of this Sort, we have contributed not a little to the Improvement of the *Belles Lettres* in all Parts of *Europe*, especially in *Germany* and *Italy*, as well as in our own Country. How many learned Editors, Translators, Commentators, Criticks and Grammarians have we produced? How many various Readings even of various Readings, how many Notes upon Annotations, Criticisms upon Criticks, and Commentaries upon Commentators have we publish'd? How many elaborate Treatises have we composed upon such Subjects as never enter'd into any Heads, or employ'd any Pens but our own? How many useful and valuable *Words*, *Letters*, *Commas*, *Colons*, and *Semicolons*, and other Cements and Ornaments of good Writing, which by the barbarous Ignorance, or unpardonable Negligence of Transcribers and Printers have been mutilated, defaced, misplaced, or lost, have we recovered and restored to their proper Rank and Dignity in the Republick of Learning?

The Preference that has been given by a * Learned Writer to the *Germans* and *Italians* in these Improvements and Refinements of Learning, is, in my Opinion, little less than

* *A Description of Holland.* London 1743.

a national Reflection upon our own Countrymen; and I verily believe was so intended.

The Germans (says he, p. 199.) have wrote Genealogies innumerable, and publish'd so many Diplomata, Acts, Rules, and Usages, not only of every State and Province, but of every petty Seignior, District, Village, School, Convent, University, &c. enough, collected together, to compose a Body of 5 or 600 Folios, have with infinite Pains, Passion and Prolixity cleared up a remote Hint of an ancient Poet about an old Medal, or the Situation of a Lake, as Matters of infinitely more Importance than to know the History of their Forefathers, and the Virtues of those Waters, Plants, Food, Fruit, and Air so necessary to their Country and themselves. Which to be sure was quite right. For as for the Virtues of their Soil, Waters, Plants, Food, Fruit and Air, in which the most illiterate Blockheads in the Country, and the Beasts themselves, had as great an Interest as the most learned Philosopher, they were proper Subjects of Enquiry for Physicians, Gardeners, Dairy-men and Graziers; but were unworthy the particular Attention of Men of Science and profound Erudition: Whereas to a true Virtuoso one Purse of Brass or Silver Medals would be of more Value than 100 of Portuguese Gold; and the recovering the Situation of an old Lake, would be of more Consequence than recovering a good old Mansion-House

House and 5000 Acres of dry Land to the Family.

He proceeds (p. 200.) *The Learning and Enquiries of Italy have been very well employed during the three last Centuries. It is now found out and demonstrated beyond the Possibility of Contradiction, that the Corona radialis had twelve Rays in it, and not six or eight as was fondly believed before: That Juno Sospita's Feet were always bare, though the Generality of Antiquaries and Sculptors have been so ignorant as to wrap them up in Buskins or Stockings. It is also fully made out that the Tibia or Flagellet had more Stops than it has hitherto been described to have; and this the last Pope but one, who was a very profound Scholar, declared to be his Opinion, though he would not take upon him to ascertain their Number. Several other Virtuosi, of more Presumption, though perhaps not more Learning, have ventured to give their Conjectures upon this nice Point, in very curious and elaborate Dissertations. And for two hundred and fifty Years past, not only Italy, but the greatest Part of Europe, have been in a very gross Error, concerning the particular Dress of Priapus; whereas now there is nothing clearer, than that the afore-said God had several Dresses, which several eminent Men are now employed in making out. Pliny's two floating Islands are not yet found out; but what has not been may in time be effected. The learned Persons who are at present*

in Pursuit of them conceive, they have made a greater Progress towards that Discovery, than the most diligent of their Predecessors.

Whilst this ingenious Writer is doing Justice to these learned Foreigners, he cannot help discovering a manifest Partiality and Prejudice to our own Countrymen, and often insinuates, with a malicious Sneer, their Ignorance or Neglect of these valuable Branches of Learning. He professes himself to be an *Englishman*, that has lived most of his Time abroad, which must be allowed to be the best Apology for his Ignorance of the State of Learning among us. I myself am able to furnish out a goodly Catalogue of very learned and profound Enquiries, entirely of *British Growth*, no whit inferior either in Bulk or Utility to the most elaborate Performances of other Nations. Has he never read or heard of the many useful Discoveries, we have made in the several Branches of Learning? Has he never seen a learned Dissertation upon the Antiquity and Uses of *Weathercocks*? Where we have proved to a Demonstration, that though they are much in modern Use, they are by no means a modern Invention, but were as ancient as the *Argonautick Expedition*, being invented by *Zethys* and *Calais*, the Sons of *Boreas*, though greatly improved since their Time; we have found out, and proved beyond Contradiction, that the *Sybarites* were the first that laid Rose-cakes and Lavender among
their

their Linen; and that no less a Person than *Sardanapalus* was the first Inventor of Cushions, and by consequence of Squabs and Easy-Chairs, to the great Ease and Refreshment of the Learned and the Lazy to all succeeding Generations; but our most valuable Work is a MS. Treatise *de Umbraculis*, of the Nature and Use of Screens, which though a very ancient and useful Invention, and of a very simple Nature, has received such Improvements from the united Studies and Encouragements of the greatest Men among us, that it may justly be esteemed one of the most valuable Utensils, even in the greatest Families. This useful Machine was not unknown to the *Greeks*, who called it Ἐπικάλυμμα, and by an Expression common among them κακῶν ἐπικάλυμμα ἔστιν ὃ πλεῖτον, one would be apt to conclude it was always made of Gold or Silver. But the learned *Scriblerus* has found out from comparing ancient Authorities, that the true Reading is not πλεῖτον, but πλεόντων; which, as it cannot well be rendered into *English*, I shall leave to the Consideration of the Learned, though it seems rather to express the Name of the Inventor, than the Materials of which it is made. Of these the Publick may soon expect to see a very ample and curious Specimen, being the Collection of my much honoured Friend and Kinsman *Jesfery Piddle*, Esq; who has been many Years employed in picking up whatever was curious
and

and valuable in every Branch of Literature. I speak with the more Confidence of this inestimable Work, because one of the most extraordinary Pieces was communicated to him through my Hands; of which I beg leave to give your Lordship a short History.

The learned and worthy Dr. *Trimeter* was a Professor, and Head of a learned Society; from whom, as a Friend and Relation, I had often received distinguishing Marks of Affection and Esteem. In his last Illness he sent for me, and told me, he had a Secret of great Importance to communicate to me; that he was in Possession of a Piece of Learning, the Labour of fourteen Years, which, he modestly believed, no Man in *Europe* was Master of but himself; and that he had long determined to put it into my Hands, that it might not die with him, and be irrecoverably lost to Posterity. The Knowledge, I had of his great Abilities and serious Turn of Mind, and the great Gravity with which he express'd himself, made me conceive, it was some *Rosicrucian Mystery*, in which Society he had been initiated many Years ago. Sometimes I fancied, he had discovered the *Grand Elixir*, or some other Chymical Secret——But he delivered me a little Roll of Paper, with this remarkable Speech. *Cousin, (said he) you are now in Possession of a great Secret, which, when I am dead, you will possess without a Rival.* It is
not

not easy to conceive the Gratitude and Transport with which I received this *inestimable Depositum*. I made all the Haste, I decently could, to my Study, in order to examine the Contents. I double lock'd my Door, shut up my Windows, lighted up two large Candles, wash'd my Hands, and compos'd myself with all the Gravity required of a Philosopher, and a Student in the Occult Sciences, and then opened my Packet; and, to my unspeakable Surprize, found it to be nothing less than a Critick upon *Wases Senarius*, shewing, to a Demonstration, that that Great Man, who was in the highest Reputation for his critical Knowledge in the Metre of *Plautus* and *Terence*, had fallen into the common Mistakes of vulgar Criticks and Grammarians; that he had frequently confounded the *Anapestus* with the *Tribrachus*, and in no less than five several Places, had mistaken the *Bacchius* for the *Antibacchius*, with several other unpardonable Mistakes in the Rules of *Scanfion*: Shewing also at the same Time, that the *true Scanfion*, is the only infallible Way of ascertaining the true Reading. — A noble Discovery! But as my Head was not violently turned to this Sort of Erudition, and I was unwilling that the Labour of so many Years should be lost to the learned World, by falling into vulgar Hands, I made a Present of it to my learned Kinsman, who will soon make a Present of it and some other Rarities to the Publick,

lick, with the same Generosity, that I did to him.

• The same great Genius has composed several other Pieces of equal Use and Value, which I hope to recover, and convey to the Publick by the same Canal. The first was a little Treatise *De Tripode*, or, *The Uses and Antiquity of three-legged Stools*; shewing them to be much more useful and ancient than the four-legged or Joint-stool, in which many curious Points both in History and Philosophy are occasionally discussed. Another, *De Muscipulis*; or, *A Dissertation upon Mouse-Traps*: intended as a kind of Critick upon Mr. *Holdsworth's* celebrated Poem, shewing the ancient Use of them among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and that he was entirely mistaken as to the Occasion and Manner of their Invention. — I have also seen two *Theological Dissertations* (as he calls them :) 1. Upon *Gebazi's Leprosy*. 2. Upon *Judas's Thirty Pieces of Silver*. In order to make the first quite a complete Work, he wrote to a Friend of his, who was travelling in the *Levant*, to make all the Enquiry he could, whether any Branch of *Gebazi's* leprous Family were living; and, if possible, to procure a Twig or two to be sent over at his Expence, which he intended to make a Present of to the College of Physicians, to be shewn among their exotick Curiosities whilst living, and afterwards to be preserved in Spirits of Wine, as a perpetual Argument against Infidelity.

Infidelity. — The other was an occasional Meditation upon *Good Friday*. Being hindered by a Cold from going to Church, I went to visit him after the Service was over. I found him very busy in Calculation; he told me he had been employing his Thoughts upon the Subject of the Day, that he had computed the Sterling Value of the Thirty Pieces, and what it would have amounted to by this Time, Interest upon Interest at 5 *per Cent*. Upon my Word, says he, it would have been a noble Sum, a fine Thing for his Family, believe me, Cousin; many a Great Man, whom I could name, would have done the same Thing for half the Money. — I hope these invaluable Pieces may be recovered for the Good of the Publick.

There will be also in the same Collection some choice Anecdotes of a Reverend Member of our Family. As he is still living in a good Degree of Splendor and Reputation, I shall conceal his Name, and save his Blushes for the Honour, I am doing him. He was early distinguish'd in the University for his singular Modesty, and invincible Affection for Solitude and Custard; he walk'd much, said little, and read less; but, doubtless, paid it off with thinking. His Tutor, a Stranger to the Genius of our Family, imputed this Behaviour to Stupidity and Idleness; and therefore meeting him one Day in his Walks, accosted him as follows: T. Sir, *I am sorry to meet you so*
D *often*

often walking abroad, I wish you would keep at Home, and study. P. Study, Sir, why so I do; I read the *Classicks*. T. Pray which of them? P. I read Terence. T. How much have you read? P. I have read fourteen Plays. The good Man lifted up his Hands and Eyes with Admiration, and said; Sir, I would have you read Virgil. Aye, indeed; Virgil (said he) I know him too well. Too well! (said the Tutor.) Sir, what do you mean? Why, Sir, (said he) I know that he stole the very first Verse of his Book out of the Grammar. This surprising Discovery threw the poor Gentleman into such immoderate Convulsions, as had like to have destroyed all his retentive Faculties at once; but when he had a little recover'd himself, he considered, that as my good Cousin certainly was an Original—an exalted Genius far above Ordinances, and the vulgar Methods of Education, he determined to leave him to his own Inventions, in which he profited beyond measure. In short, he took his Degrees, enter'd into Orders, and is now a great *Pluralist* and a *Dignitary*. The first Account I had of this last Promotion was at a Coffee-house, where it was the Subject of much Conversation and Merriment among a Set of Gentlemen, who seemed to have no great Esteem or Affection for our Family. Upon which one of them said, For my Part I am not at all surprized that a Man who has been for so many Years a most remarkable *Blunderbuss*, should at last be-
come

come a Canon. At which they all burst into a most incomprehensible Laughter. This provoked me not a little; I look'd sternly upon them, and with a grave Tone reply'd, *Gentlemen, you may be as merry as you please, but remember, there is a good old Proverb which says, Let him laugh that wins.* I then look'd at my Watch, paid down my Penny, and left them to finish their Laugh by themselves. How great soever my Cousin's Preferment may be, I think, he has reasonable Expectations of greater, having been more than once employed by his Patrons to compose some shining Pieces for *the Gazetteer*, in which *he out-did his usual Out-doings*; and for which, in my poor Judgment, he can never be sufficiently rewarded. — As he sometimes does me the Honour to converse with me upon Subjects of Learning, I have made ample Discoveries of the Strength of his Genius, and the Profundity of his Understanding; and may venture to promise the Publick something very curious and entertaining worthy such a Genius and such a Pen. I happened one Day to mention my great Esteem for the late *Bishop Hooper's Treatise of Weights and Measures*, he turned short upon me, and with a contemptuous Smile told me, *That Thorndyke's just Weights and Measures were worth a Thousand of them.* As I make it a Point of Duty as well as good Manners, not to contradict a Dignitary, I took care to be exceedingly asto-

nish'd at his judicious Remark, and excused myself, by confessing my want of Capacity to make the Comparison.

Another Time we were talking of the *Reformation*; and as I could not help mentioning the Part that *Cromwell* bore in that Transaction, he began to upbraid me with my Ignorance in History and Chronology, and undertook to demonstrate, that ~~that~~ *Usurper* could not possibly have any Hand in that Affair, being not born till near an hundred Years after. Finding me quite thunderstruck at this Discovery, and utterly unable to make any Reply, he dropped the Argument, and I very respectfully took my Leave. — But meeting him by chance since, he told me that he had taken the Pains to procure a Certificate of *Cromwell's* Age from the Parish Register at *Huntingdon*, where he was born, from whence it appears that he was born in the Year 1599; whereas the Reformation was in the Beginning of that Century. He concluded with some very judicious Remarks upon the Negligence and Temerity of our *English* Historians in falling into so palpable an Error, which he intended to confute upon a proper Occasion. — These two curious Subjects the gentle Reader may possibly find largely and circumstantially handled in the aforesaid Collection.

The Improvements in natural Knowledge that have been made by several Virtuoso's of our

our Family, are too considerable to be overlook'd or despis'd by equitable Judges and Lovers of Learning. How many natural Curiosities have been neglected by the unphilosophical Herd as Trifles not worth their Knowledge, had not we by incredible Application and Success rescued them from the Contempt of the Illiterate and Ignorant, and thereby drawn the Attention and Admiration of the Learned both on them and ourselves? *Insects, Reptiles, Vermin, Animalcules of all Sorts, Flowers, Plants, Minerals, Mosses, Shells, Pebbles, &c.* which had long been despis'd and trampled on by every illiterate Booby as common Grass or Stones in the Highway, have been by our united Labours discovered, dissected, improved and polished, and recommended in many ingenious Dissertations to the Notice and Esteem of all true Lovers of curious Learning. Some very uncommon Discoveries in the Anatomy of Snails and Spiders made by our late learned Kinsman, Sir *Nicholas Gimcrack*, Knt. and his learned and worthy Associate Dr. *Johannes Elserickius*, will soon be publish'd in some Form or other, being of too much Consequence to be lost or neglected.

I had like to have forgot one Article, in which we justly glory, and defy the whole World to invalidate our Title; and that is, the great Number of *very pretty Poets* we have produced in all Ages, more in Proportion

tion (I dare say) than an hundred to one of any other Family, whose Names at least, if not their Labours, will, by the peculiar Felicity of our Family, be rendered immortal by those very Means by which that *Hypercritical Censor Pope* endeavoured to suppress and destroy them. We had once a Thought of publishing some select Pieces in the above-mentioned Collection; but as we find among our Friends a much greater Number than was expected, and all so equally valuable, that 'tis hard to know to which to give the Preference; we are come to a Resolution to publish the Whole by Subscription, in about thirty Pocket Volumes, under the Title of *Minusculorum Poetarum Opuscula, Latina & Anglica*. By which many a wonderful Performance will be preserved, that else had never seen the Light; and forasmuch as some are so exceeding modest, as not to have the Author's Name prefix'd, we shall endeavour to assign to every Production the true Name of the Parent, and give them the Honour due to their Labours. And as we are under great and special Obligations to that worthy and excellent Person Mr. *Edmund Curl*, Citizen and Bookseller, for the many Years good and faithful Services he has been doing to our Family; we have agreed to give him all the Profits arising from the said Subscription, &c. for the Term of seven Years, the Property of the Copy being secured in the Hands of such Trustees as shall

reserve

reserve the future Profits in Bank, to be a perpetual Fund for the decayed Wits and superannuated Poets of our Family. And as we have Reason to hope, from the Names and Interests of some of the Authors, who are Persons of *Quality* and *Distinction*, that it will be one of the largest Subscriptions that has been set on foot for some Years past: We propose, if the Funds will answer, to erect a commodious Building either in *Grub-street* or *Moorfields*, for their Reception; where they may retire from the Sneers and Censures of an ill-judging World, and spend the Remainder of their Days in Peace and Plenty.— So much for our *Learning*.

Give me leave now, my Lord, to come to the Article of *Religion*; in which we have some Merit to plead, and some Title to your Lordship's Encouragement and Protection. We all agree, that that Learning which does not terminate in a Religion of some Sort or other, is at best but a *splendid Ignorance*; that nothing can make us truly wiser that does not make us really better; and that the Peace and Interest of the Publick, and the Quiet and Prosperity of Civil Society, is and ought to be the only End of all religious Institutions. Now, as all Mankind have took it into their Heads to have a Religion of one Sort or other, so it has been Matter of Grief and Complaint, that the Disputes and Controversies about it
have

have often produced very tragical Effects, not only to the Detriment of private Persons, but to the endangering the Peace and Safety of Civil Societies. No Man that has been ever so little conversant in History, can pretend to be ignorant how many Persecutions, Massacres, Plots, Battles, and Assassinations he has read of for the Sake (upon the Pretence at least) of *Religion*, and an outrageous Zeal for some distinguishing Doctrines and Opinions, some different Forms or Objects of Worship, which have produced tragical Effects in all Ages and Nations, whether *Gentile*, *Jewish*, or *Christian*. Now what can be a greater Good to Mankind, what can contribute more to the preserving the Peace of Civil Society, than to set Men right in these Enquiries, to remove these Illusions, detect those Impostures, and correct those Errors that have so long been the Causes of so much Dissention and Confusion in the World. And this (I am bold to say) is an Honour reserved for our Times, and for our Family, which we claim to ourselves against all Competitors.

Mistake me not, my Lord, we do not pretend to oppose Religion in general, that would be a fruitless Attempt. The World is so invincibly prejudiced in Favour of an old Superstition, that much the Majority will still profess and defend it in some Shape or other. Our Business therefore is to shew the good People of *Britain*, that provided they profess
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some Sort of Religion, the particular Sort or Kind is a Matter of very little or no Consequence, not worth contending about to the Disturbance of Civil Society, or the Prejudice of our own Interest. *They that will have a May-pole, shall have a May-pole*; and they that will not, may let it alone: They that will have one of plain Ash or Elm, without any Ornaments or Decorations, are welcome to have it; but if another Parish of finer Taste and greater Abilities will have one of Oak or Fir, elegantly dressed and painted, with a gilded Weathercock at Top, a Gallery in the Middle adorned with Garlands of Flowers, Ribbons and painted Paper, and the Name of *the Squire, the Church-Wardens, Anno Domini, &c.* in red Capitals at the Bottom, they are equally welcome, provided they do not break the Peace, nor quarrel with their Neighbours for the Preference.

A Religion (as I said before) of some Sort or other has so long been the Fashion, that I imagine it cannot easily be rooted out, but will still continue to have a strange Influence upon the Belief at least, if not the Practice of the silly superstitious Vulgar, though People of *Sense* and *Figure* should all agree to disbelieve it; but then we have contrived to take off the Edge, to weaken the Influence, to abate the Terrors, and prevent the ill Effects of it, by representing it in its true Light as a Matter of mere Indifference or Convenience,

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of which a Man may take just as much as he pleases, and leave the rest; and so may profess and practise so much as he shall think fit and convenient for his temporal Interest, and leave the rest of the World at Liberty to do the same. And if it should happen that the Government under which he lives, should think it worth their while to interpose in an Affair of so little Consequence, it would be a Point of Prudence and Duty, as well as Interest and Good-manners, to profess such a Creed, and no other, as they shall think fit to establish; and to recommend or oppose, condemn or practise whatever they shall think fit to condemn or approve under the Names of Vice and Virtue, Truth and Error; which, let me tell your Lordship, will be an unspeakable Ease to weak Heads and tender Consciences, which I humbly presume are sometimes found in Courts, as well as other Places.

Now, as nothing has contributed more to the Support of this Religious Phrenzy, than an Opinion of its being founded on a Revelation from Heaven, which has been the constant Pretence of every Sort of Religion that ever appeared in the World; so we assure ourselves nothing can more effectually weaken its Authority, than to destroy or weaken that Pretence, by shewing the weak and inconclusive Reasonings, the impossible Facts, the unintelligible Doctrines, as they appear

appear to us, and the various Readings in the several Copies of that Book, on which we Christians (as a Man may say) pretend to found our Christian Religion. — This is a Point that we have laboured with good Success. And as *the Religion of Nature*, which we have substituted in its room, is a Scheme much more palatable to Flesh and Blood, as it takes off those unnatural Restraints which the vulgar Notions of Religion have imposed upon merry Hearts and sanguine Constitutions, and leaves Men at full Liberty to follow their own natural Inclinations, no wonder that we make numberless Converts among the chearful, sensible, brilliant Part of Mankind; and, by their Influence and Example, among all Ranks and Orders of their Inferiors. — To all which I might add, that one of our Family, some Years ago, publish'd a very useful and learned Treatise; I have forgot the Title, but the Design of it was, to demonstrate the Proportion in which the Evidence and Credibility of all Histories and Traditions decreases with the Length of their Continuance, so as at last to be entirely lost. — The Application is easy, the Book was well received, and the Author well rewarded; being for that, and some other good Services to Religion and Learning, promoted to a *Dignity* which had not been filled with one of our Family for many Generations.

Yet in spite of our united Endeavours and great Success, so strong is the Force of Religious Prejudice, there are Numbers who still pertinaciously adhere to the old hum-drum Systems of Faith and Manners; we have therefore, with good Success, employed some of our ablest Heads and best Pens to pull off the mysterious Dress, to reduce its affected Sublimities, bold Hyperboles, and strong Metaphors to the sober Standard of plain Reason, common Sense, and *common Forms and Rules of speaking upon the like Occasions*.—Every body knows what terrible Disputes and Contentions have reigned for many Ages about what we call the *Christian Sacraments*. How many Volumes have been written? Battles fought, and Lives lost to decide a Question concerning the Baptism of Infants in one Sacrament, and the Mode of the Divine Presence in the other? How many hard Words, such as *Transubstantiation, Consubstantiation, &c.* have been coined to explain a Doctrine which both Sides in their Turn have owned to be inexplicable? To put an End to these fatal Disputes, and to deliver thinking Men from the Perplexities on both Sides of these Questions, we declare freely to those who are inclined to receive it, that they are Questions of no Moment, a mere Strife of Words, a Contention about nothing, in which neither our Duty nor Happiness are any way concerned. But if any Scruples yet remain among the
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Ignorant and Superstitious, as to the Necessity of the Thing itself, as an Article of Church-Communion, we further declare, that the first, that of Baptism, (if it should be thought necessary) may be administer'd at any Age, or by any Person, as well by the Midwife or the Nurse, as by the Rector or the Curate.—

And as for the other, we declare that the Difficulties are all of our own making, by turning a plain Matter of Fact into an unintelligible Mystery.

THE PLAIN ACCOUNT is this: We are told in the Bible, that something more than 1700 Years ago, there lived in *Judea* a very good Sort of a Man, who set himself to oppose the Superstition of the Country, and to introduce among them a new System of Religion or moral Virtue; which, considering the Purity of its Doctrines, and the Greatness of its Rewards, is generally allowed to be the very best that ever appeared in the World, excepting some few unreasonable Severities, and unnatural Prohibitions and Restraints, which People of Sense and Breeding know how to dispense with on proper Occasions; the Freedom with which he reprov'd the Vices of all Professions and Characters, particularly the Pride and Hypocrisy of the Priests, the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, provoked all their Rage and Indignation against him, insomuch that they were determined

mined to get rid of him at any rate. They first accused him of *Blasphemy*, for which, by their Law, he ought to die; but as they had not the Power of Life and Death, they could make nothing of it that way: They then came to a Resolution to murder him, but were afraid of the People, who had a high Esteem and Reverence for him, on Account of his Doctrines, and the many good Works he wrought among them; at last they prevailed upon the *Roman* Governor, partly by Threats, and partly by Insinuations of treasonable Practices against the State, to condemn him to die, in spite of his own Conviction, and repeated Professions of his Innocence. A little before his Execution he convened his Disciples and Followers, and in a very sensible and affecting Speech confirmed the Doctrines that he had taught them, and left it as his dying Request, that whenever they met together as a Society, they would never fail to *drink to the immortal Memory of their Master*. Now this is the short and long of the whole Matter, this is all there is in it.— But to make it a necessary Duty, or Part of religious Worship, to *imagine that there is any Promise in Scripture annexing a Benefit to the Use of it, especially that of Remission of Sins, has this peculiar Absurdity in it, that it destroys the very Notion of Remembrance, which is the Essence of it; to make it therefore the actual Partaking of any Benefits*

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~~which~~ we were only commanded to remember,
 is altering the Nature of it, as much as actual
 partaking of any thing is different from re-
 membering it.— Now this I take to be a very
PLAIN ACCOUNT of the Matter,
 which *plainly* destroys at once all the puzzling
 Consequences arising from the vulgar Super-
 stition about it, which was certainly calcu-
 lated for nothing else but to serve certain po-
 litical Purposes, for the Support of Ortho-
 doxy, Uniformity and Priestcraft. As it has
 long been used as a Test for Admittance into
 civil as well as sacred Offices, and a necessary
 Qualification for obtaining the highest Posts
 of Honour and Profit both in Church and
 State, none could consistently be admitted in-
 to them but staunch Orthodox Believers of
 the Mystery, or absolute Atheists. So long
 as a Man could be persuaded to believe that
 an unbelieving Impenitent was an *unworthy*
Receiver, and as such was eating and drinking
 his own Damnation (or Condemnation) he
 might naturally be under some Terrors in
 performing an Action absolutely necessary to
 his Advancement in the World: But when
 he is told by those who may reasonably be
 supposed to understand it, that there is no-
 thing more in it, than a *grateful Remembrance*
 of a great and good Benefactor, who made it
 his dying Request to all his Friends and Dis-
 ciples, any Man of common Sense, Grati-
 tude and Honour, may safely and consistently
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join in performing it, whatever his private Sentiments and Notions of Religion may be on other Accounts. — Now this is directly pulling down those unreasonable Fences, Enclosures, and Partition-Walls which were intended to engross the Blessings of Wealth and Power in particular Hands, to confine them to certain Opinions, Ways of thinking, and Manner of living, which are not in every Body's Power. People must and will believe and practise as they please in spite of all your Creeds and Commandments, and so long as they are willing and able to serve themselves and the Publick, they ought to meet with no *Difficulties or Discouragements* to deter them from it. — So much for this useful and important Discovery, which is entirely *our own*.

These, we may venture to pronounce, were great and useful Improvements for the Peace and Benefit of Mankind, and the Comforts of Civil Society; but we had greater and more extensive Designs for the Publick Good, had the World been worthy of them, and given the Authors proper Encouragement. There was a Great and Excellent Person of our Family, one Mr. *Asgill*, well known to the World by his Political Writings. O my Lord! he was a fine Man and an excellent Scholar; he had it seems by much Labour and Study found out an infallible Remedy *against Death*. He himself was verily persuaded and convinced, that though for so

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many

many Ages People had got a Trick of dying from Generation to Generation, yet they might help it if they would. That it was entirely owing to a vitious Imitation, a ridiculous Compliance with a prevailing Fashion, a false Modesty, or a want of Faith and Courage, that even People of Sense would suffer themselves to be teased and persecuted by Physicians, Apothecaries, Parsons and old Women, and at last to be delivered to Undertakers to be shov'd out of the World with their Heels foremost. He at first propos'd to keep the Secret to himself, or at least preserve it as a *Family Nostrum*, dreading, no doubt, the Contempt and Jokes of the deluded Multitude, and the vigorous Opposition of the Doctor and the Parson, who would not fail to oppose a Project, by which they must both expect to be Sufferers, as the one would no longer be paid for killing, nor the other for burying; not to mention the *Worshipful Company* of Upholders, Parish Clerks, Sextons, Grave-diggers, and all the other numerous Retainers to those whimsical Solemnities: But as he had the Honour to be a Member of the *English House of Commons*, (for *Bramber* in *Sussex*, I think) an Assembly famous all the World over for unbiass'd Integrity, unblemish'd Honour, and publick Spirit, he scorn'd to be influenced by any Considerations of personal Interest or Credit,

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but boldly determined to sacrifice both to the Welfare of Mankind and the Good of his Country. In Pursuance of this laudable and generous Resolution, in the Year 1700, he publish'd his Scheme for the Satisfaction of the Curious with this Title of

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P R O V I N G

That according to the Covenant of Eternal Life revealed in the Scripture, Men may be translated from hence into that eternal Life, without passing through Death, &c.

He was so fully convinced of the Truth and Utility of his Scheme, that he disdained the popular Arts of engaging the Attention, and captivating the Affections of his Readers, by an artful Address to their Passions, or to decoy them by a plausible Train of Reasoning into an unexpected Conclusion. No, — He opened his Packet, and let them into the whole Secret at once, that his Readers might know what they had to trust to; that if a
Man

Man found in himself no Inclination to die, he might be furnish'd with sufficient Directions how to avoid it; but if any were so cowardly, or so modest, as to chuse rather to die than break an old Custom, or be out of the Fashion, they might take it for their Pains, and have nobody to blame but themselves. — Thus he begins :

Ante obitum foelix nemo supremaque fata, is a Fiction of the Poets, and that old Motto worn upon Tombstones, Death is the Gate of Life, is a Lye, by which Men decoy one another into Death, taking it to be a Thoroughfare into eternal Life, whereas it is just so far out of the Way. (p. 10.) I am not unaware that the Custom of the World to die has gain'd such a Prevalency over our Minds, by prepossessing us of the Necessity of Death, that it stands ready to swallow my Argument whole without digesting it; therefore (p. 11.) I'll offer an Answer to the Custom of the World against me: Custom itself, without a Reason for it, is only an Argument to Fools. Nor can the Life or Death of one Man be assign'd as the Cause of the Life or Death of another Man, unless the same Thing happen to them both.

Abraham is dead, and the Prophets are dead. — What then? Why Abraham died of Age, (as the Folk call it) and the Prophets were many of them knock'd on the Head. —

Must it therefore follow that either of these Deaths must happen to me, or because they died of one Death, I must die of another?—Suppose my Mother died in Child-bed, must I therefore do so too? or because my Father was hanged, must I therefore be drowned?—Abraham is dead, and the Prophets are dead; What then?—Why Abraham had a Son of his own begetting at one hundred Years old upon a Woman of ninety, had an Army of Men born in his own House, Flocks and Herds without Number, and a whole Country to feed them in. And the Prophets were Favourites of Heaven, could raise the Dead, and kill the Living. Must therefore any of these Gifts happen to me? Why then if I must not partake with Abraham and the Prophets in their Blessings, why must I partake with them in their Deaths? Nor did Abraham die, because the Prophets died; nor did the Prophets die, because Abraham died. Then if their Deaths had no Effect upon each other, why should they have any Effect upon me? therefore the Custom of the World to die, is no Argument one way or other.—What a glorious Scheme is this! how clearly stated! how demonstratively proved!—What Reward could be too great for such an inquisitive Genius, such a generous Heart!—But see the Event.—No sooner did this curious, elaborate, useful Work appear, but People of all Professions took

took the Alarm; the Clergy were angry, the Physicians were merry, and the rest of the World sided with them; insomuch that in a short Time he and his Scheme became the Jest and Abhorrence of all Conversation. *The House of Commons*, of which (as I said before) he had the Honour to be a Member, and who had upon all proper Occasions distinguish'd themselves by their Attention to every useful Project, and Indulgence to the Projector, quickly convinced him of their Dislike, and that he had no more Favour to expect within Doors than he had found without: so that instead of receiving the Thanks of the Honourable House, or an Address to the Throne for some gainful Office, or a good Pension for Life, or so much as a Patent to secure to himself and his Friends all the Honour and Profit that might reasonably be expected from such a publick Service, he met with no other Reward than Censure and Expulsion.—The good old Man was so thoroughly mortified by this unworthy Treatment, that he could not overcome it; and though he had often declared to his Friends in private, as well as publickly to the World, that *he never would die* in Complaisance to any Custom, Persuasion or Party whatsoever, and that if ever he should be so silly, that *he died of no Religion*. (p. 95.) yet at last he gravely resolved to die, rather than live any longer

in such an ungrateful Nation; and so he actually did, without leaving his invaluable Secret behind him, to the great Grief and Disappointment of all serious and thinking Men, and irreparable Loss to Posterity. — The barbarous Treatment of this useful publick-spirited Man has obliged us to keep our most *abstruse Nostrums* to ourselves, and deal only in such popular and obvious Notions as are level to the Capacity of the Bulk of Readers. Such as *Superstition, Enthusiasm, Creed-makers, Priest-Craft, Bigottry, Pious Frauds, Oracles of Reason, Natural Religion, &c.* by which we still keep up the Cry, and support our Friends, who, in spite of all Endeavours to conceal it, are by much the Majority in all Societies.

The Disputes about the different Forms of *Church Government, Sacerdotal Powers, Ecclesiastical Discipline*, and twenty other appendant Articles have been for above two hundred Years the Subject of much Contention, and the Occasions of much Confusion and Mischief. How much Blood has been spilt, how many Outrages committed even in this Nation upon this unconcerning Question? Upon this Head therefore we freely declare, that *The Civil Magistrate is the sole Fountain of all Power*; that there is no Kind or Branch of Power or Jurisdiction really distinct from it; and though in Compliance
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with Custom and ancient Usage we have agreed to distinguish betwixt *Spiritual* and *Temporal* Power, and *Ecclesiastical* and *Civil* Authority; yet they rather take these Names from the Persons by whom they are exercised, or the Subjects on which they are employed, than from the Fountain from whence they are derived: That the three Orders (as they are called) of *Spiritual Magistrates* or Governors of the Church, are in reality as much the Creatures of the *State* as the Officers of the *Fleet* and *Army*, and as much determined by the Conditions and Limitations of their Charter, as *The Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council*. Now we reasonably and consistently conclude, that whoever commits a Trust, bestows a Commission, or communicates a Power, has an absolute Right to determine the Uses of that Trust, the Services of that Commission, and the Exercise of that Power, especially if these Uses and Services were expressly specified as the absolute Conditions of bestowing and receiving the said Trust, Offices, or Powers. — This is the universal Voice of Reason and Nature, from the supreme Magistrate to the lowest Operator in Wood or Iron, Stone or Clay, who, if they purchase Tools of any Sort, raise Fabricks, erect Posts or Pillars, certainly intend them for Use or Ornament, or both; and if from an unskilful

ful Choice of Materials, or the Ignorance of Artificers, they cannot be brought to answer the several Uses and Purposes for which they were intended, and cannot possibly be so mended as to become either useful or ornamental, they are either pulled down, or left to stand useless and neglected Monuments of their own Perverseness, or the Builder's Folly.—Thus, for instance, suppose a Man were only to set up a Weathercock, or build a Windmill, which said Weathercock, or Windmill, should be so injudiciously fixed or put together as to grow stiff or rusty, move heavily or not at all, or have an irregular Motion of its own, quite opposite to the Design of the Builder, there is no doubt to be made, that they should undergo such Corrections and Amendments from more skilful Operators, as should effectually quicken, direct and regulate their Motions for the future, or let them stand useless and immoveable for ever.—The Application, in short, is no more than this, that whosoever accepts any Trust, Office, or Power, is bound by all the Laws of Justice and Prudence to exercise that Trust, and employ that Power for the sole Use and Benefit, and by the sole Direction of such Person or Persons from whom he acknowledges and professes, he received them, which must necessarily produce an Uniformity of Conduct, and absolute Submission to their Patrons,

Patrons; Superiors, and Directors, and prevent all that Opposition and Confusion that must arise from acting without or against such Direction, upon the Presumption of private Judgment, Persuasion, or any pretended Scruples or Principles whatsoever; and that on uniform Submission and Obedience, and Unanimity of Conduct, the Peace and Harmony of Societies depend, who can deny? This is therefore the shortest Way of solving several Difficulties, and reconciling several Contradictions, which can on no other Principles be explained or understood.

But our Abilities in Controversy are never so effectually displayed as when the Debate lyes entirely between ourselves. We give and take, and chuse to allow any thing to shorten the Dispute, and consent to cut the Knot which cannot without Difficulty be untied. A remarkable Instance of this I remember upon a Question of the last Consequence, betwixt an honest *North Briton*, a Doctor of Physick and Professor of Botany, and a *Jew* who taught *Hebrew* in the same University. They were a Couple of merry Fellows, and dear Bottle-Companions. As they were rejoicing one Night over a Bottle of old Port, says the Doctor, *Dear Rabbi, thou art an honest Heart, I love thee dearly; but I should love thee better if thou wert of my Religion. Why* (quoth the Rabbi) *I fancy there is no*
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great Difference betwixt thy Religion and mine, if we were to come to an Explanation. Why (says the Doctor) thou art no Christian. No, (said he) but if you could give me a good Reason for my Conversion, you shall find me very ready to submit to it. Upon which the Doctor calls for a Bible, and reads him several Passages out of the New Testament. But (says the Rabbi) this is no Argument to us Jews, who do not acknowledge your New Testament. Upon which the good Doctor, starting with Horror and Surprize, cries, How! — What! dare you deny our New Testament! Yes, (says the Jew.) Why then (says he, with a vehement Oath) by — I deny your Old. It is all Lies and Nonsense. I have lately read a Story there of Sampson killing a thousand Men with the Jaw-Bone of an Ass. — The Jaw-Bone of a T—. To be sure it is as great a Lie as ever was told. Their Arguments were now at an End, they look'd gravely at each other for about a Minute, when the Doctor taking the Rabbi by the Hand, Come, (says he) we are both honest Men and good Friends, what signifies disputing? Let us have t' other Bottle and to pay. So said, so done. They drank off their Bottle, parted good Friends, and never had the least Dispute or Question about Religion ever after. See here a Controversy that had divided the World so many hundred Years, and produced

duced so many thousand Volumes, compromised at once with no other Consequence than *t'other Bottle and to pay*. Could every Religious Dispute be so easily decided, we should quickly be all of a Mind, and all the World of one Religion.

Another Time I remember we were at a Family Club, which was kept at the *Bull-Head* in the *Borough*, (which some People of more Wit than Manners, in Contempt of our Family, used to call the *Calves-Head-Club*;) one of the Company, who affected to be thought wiser and better than the rest, begun to talk about *Religion*, upon which his next Neighbour interrupted him. *Prithee Peter, (says he) don't thee pretend to talk about Religion, I am sure thou knowest nothing of the Matter. I will lay thee a Guinea thou canst not say the Lord's Prayer. Done!* says the other; and up he gets, and with an audible Voice repeats the Creed from the Beginning to the End, without missing a single Word. Upon which his Adversary, lifting up his Hands in great Surprize, *Well (said he) I did not imagine he could have done it, but I fairly own I have lost my Wager, to which the whole Company assented.* Now had this happened in any other Company, ten to one but it had produced another Wager, or a Quarrel, or perhaps a Duel; but we put a Stop to any further Explanation, by declaring one

and all, that as we met together purely to be merry, *talking, especially about Religion, did but spoil Company.*

If, on *these* Considerations we have any Merit to plead, we have greater yet behind. *Politicks* are our Master-Piece: And I will venture to affirm, that our present Prosperity, Wealth and Power, by which we are enabled to hold the Balance and direct the Councils of *Europe*, have been entirely owing to the exquisite Foresight, and dextrous Conduct of our Family. 'Tis true, we have long been out of Play, and are universally decried by the late and present Possessors of Power. But let me tell them, that had we not conducted Publick Measures when we were in Power, by a Set of Maxims, and Rules of Policy entirely our own, *Great Britain* had never seen so many *Glorious Treaties, Congresses, Conventions, Negotiations, Alliances, Secret Expeditions, Preventive Measures, Temporary Expedients, Ways and Means,—&c.—&c.—&c.* as are the Glory of the present Age, and will be the Wonder of the next; the blessed Effects of which are too well seen, felt, heard and understood to need any further Explanation. I shall only add what I am able to prove by authentick Evidence, that whatever Laurels have already been, or shall hereafter be gathered by us or our Posterity on any Part of the Continent, were planted
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by the Hands of our *Illustrious Predecessors*. And as it is an undeniable Truth, that he who planted the Tree has more Merit than they that gather the Fruit; and they who sow the Seed, than they who reap the Crop; so the certain Conclusion is this, that whoever wins, or whoever loses, the Merit and Glory will be entirely our own, and that too with some advantageous Circumstances which could never have happened in any Hands but ours. It is universally agreed, that the Honour of any Action rises in Proportion to the Difficulty or Danger that attends it; and that a Contempt of Difficulties and Dangers is an Argument of superior Courage, Conduct, or both. He who from a Contempt of his Enemy, and a just Sense of his own Strength and Courage, gives him unnecessary Advantages, departs from a good Situation, that the other may possess himself of it, supplies him with Money, Ammunition and Provisions, and makes him in every Respect as powerful and formidable as he can, only to have the Pleasure and Honour of beating him under all these Disadvantages, shews a Greatness of Soul, and Excess of Courage, seldom found but in our Family. I remember when I was at School, there was nothing more common than for a brave Lad to fight a contemptible Enemy with one Hand tied behind him; and I remember one who carried the Point of Heroism

roism so far as to challenge one of equal Strength with both his Hands tied behind him; by which he got so hearty a Drubbing, as I dare say he will never forget, if he should live to the Age of *Methuselah*. — There is a Relation of ours, a very honest Fellow, one *John Bull*, Grandson to the famous Man of that Name, whose Memoirs are written by one of the best Pens in *Europe*. He was bred a *Clothier* in the West of *England*, was in top Business, and might, if he pleased, have purchased the whole Country round him: But he had received such a Tincture of Heroism from his Mother, who was a *Welch Heiress*, that, like *Hercules*, he discovered an Inclination for kicking and cuffing even in his Cradle. When he was at School, Cock-fighting and Bull-baiting were his chief Delight; there was not a Wake or a Revel round the Country, where there was any hope of getting a laced Hat or a broken Head, but he was sure to be at it. If any of his School-fellows had a Quarrel upon their Hands, he always put in to be a *Second*, or rather than fail, to be a *Principal*; so that for seven Years together he scarce ever slept in a whole Skin, or ever made a publick Appearance without a black Eye, or a Plaister or two upon his Face; and yet in all other Respects he was as honest, a generous, compassionate, good-natur'd Fellow as ever trod on Shoe of Leather.

Leather. What contributed a good deal to this military Turn, was the Accounts that he had heard and read, and the Monuments he had seen of the Heroes of his Family. There were, it seems, no less than three or four Dozen of laced Hats hung round the Hall which had been worn at different Times at Back-Sword, Wrestling, or Boxing by some of his Ancestors; and he could not bear the Thoughts of disgracing his Kindred, especially his *Welsh* Relations, by being less brave and intrepid than they. I cannot omit one merry Adventure that befel *John* in the Beginnings of his Knight-Errantry, which had like to have spoiled him for a Hero ever after: He had been out one Evening, a little Pot-valiant, and greatly wanted an Opportunity of shewing his Manhood, and exerting a little of his military Fury upon somebody or other; but as it was late, and the few People he met about the Streets seemed more inclined to go to Bed than to Loggerheads, he could find no room for Adventures; at last happening to spy a Butcher's Mastiff lying fast asleep at his Master's Door, he kneels down, and taking one of his Ears between his Teeth, he gave him such a confounded Gripe, that throughly awaked the Dog, who returned the Civility in his Way so heartily, that poor *John* was obliged to cry out and alarm the Neighbourhood, who quickly ran

to his Assistance. The rueful Figure he made, cover'd with Blood and Dirt, and the unfavoury Scent that proceeded from a certain Part of his Person, produced as much Laughter in some, as Pity in others; but the stinking Hero, whose Courage was by this Time pretty well cooled, begins a pitiful snivelling Story of the Dog's falling upon him as he was passing quietly through the Streets, and how unjustifiable a Thing it was that such a Dog should be suffered to run loose about the Streets in the Night. *The same Thing* (quoth John) *might have happened to any of you as well as to me.* To which they all assented, and the poor Cur was immediately truss'd up for a Breach of the Peace, whilst *John* sneak'd Home to get Plaisters and clean Linen.

When he first came into Trade, he had the fairest Opportunity of making a great Fortune, and raising a great Estate, that any Man of his Circumstances ever had: But his Neighbours, who envied his Prosperity, and knew his blind Side, were perpetually blowing up his natural Vanity, and flattering his military Pride, in order to make their own Advantage, by his neglecting the proper Business of his own Profession; which they effectually did, and have been every Day improving to the Ruin of *his* Fortune, and the completing of their *own*. Within a few Years, there was publick Notice given in some of the News
Papers

Papers of a great Trial at Back-sword for something about the Value of a *Crown*; or some such Matter, but it was in a strange Country, a great way off, where *John* had no more Personal or Family Concern, than at *Bagdat*, or *Jerusalem*. But when Honour calls, even *Love* itself (much more the paultry Articles of *Trade* and *Interest*) must give way. He could not resist the Call; he mortgaged his Estate, pulled down the greatest Part of his Looms, and discharged the greatest Part of his Workmen, only leaving some few to keep up the Face of Business, and prevent any Suspicions of his being quite gone off, and away goes he. — He enter'd the Ring among the rest, and after many a sore Bang, was so lucky as to win the Prize; which, with his wonted Generosity, he bestowed upon one of the Combatants, who pronounced him the bravest Lad that ever appeared upon the Field, and made him a Present of half a Dozen Silk Handkerchiefs; which, like the Standards in *Westminster-Hall*, are hung round his Bed-chamber, as the Monuments of his transcendent Courage, Generosity, and Wisdom. In his Absence, you may imagine, all Things went to wreck at Home; some of his Labourers were hanged, some transported, and a great many taken into the Service of his Neighbours, who had not neglected so fair an Opportunity of worm-

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ing him almost out of every Branch of his Trade. Several of his Tenants broke, and the Poor Rates, and other Taxes, and the Interest upon his Mortgage, eat out the whole Income of his Estate. In spite of all these Discouragements, he suffered not *his noble Courage to be cast down*, but resolved to bustle through it as well as he could, and try to repair his Losses by striking into some new Branch of Trade, or recovering the old. The Person, who thought himself injured in this Affair, bore *John* a secret Grudge ever since, and did him many private ill Offices, which his honest Heart could never believe to be intended, and therefore ought not to be returned, whilst all the Forms and Expressions of *Cordiality* were punctually kept up between them. However, at last he found out that he had in many Instances been very ill used by his well-bred ceremonious Neighbour, and sent him word that he should take a proper Time and Manner of shewing his Resentment of such treacherous Conduct. — But being informed that the poor Devil was half starved with Hunger and Cold, and not able to make a manly Resistance, but must tamely and cowardly be knock'd o' the Head, if he were not in better Plight before they came to a Trial of Skill; *Honest John*, who had the Heart of an Emperor, and was not more stout than merciful, scorn'd to take any ungenerous

generous Advantages even of an Enemy ; he thought there was no Honour to be got by drawing upon a naked Man, demolishing a Man of Clouts, or killing an Enemy that was already half killed to his Hands, he therefore generously sent him as much *Wool* as would clothe himself and his Family for a hundred Generations ; and for fear he should not know what to do with it when he had got it, he sent him some of his best Workmen to manage it for him to the best Advantage ; and at the same time sent him great Quantities of Provisions of all Sorts, such as Wheat, Beef, Pork, Butter, &c. to feed and fatten him for the Slaughter, that he might be worth killing. At the same that this cunning artful Person was so generously treated by his Adversary, he affected to be thought very sensible of the Obligation, which he endeavoured to acknowledge by making some Presents in Return. But what were they ? Why truly some choice Liquors which were to be taken by way of Drams, which he knew would intoxicate and enervate him, in Proportion to his own Increase of Strength and Vigour ; and some flimsy Pieces of Silk to make Clothes and Pincushions for his Wife and Daughters, which he was sure would turn their Heads by flattering their Vanity, and put them out of Love with their own Home-spun Manufactures, by which they employed

ployed their poor Neighbours, and enriched themselves. — He reckons that in a few Months Time, they shall be pretty equally match'd; and then he has given him to understand, he must expect to hear from him in a proper Manner. He proposes to give him at first a handsom Breathing, and a fair Opportunity of shewing his Dexterity and Courage to the best Advantage; then, to shew his Contempt of his Enemy, and his own superior Strength and Cunning, he designs to throw away his Arms, and knock him down with his Fist, with as much Ease, and in as short a Time, as a hungry Man could swallow a poach'd Egg, or an Oister. So done, he will have him embowelled, and embalmed upon the Spot, and then bring him Home in Triumph, to be shewn as a Sight, whilst the Thing is a Novelty, and then to be set up like an *Egyptian* Mummy in a Glas-case at the upper End of his Dining-room, to be a perpetual Memorial of his Wisdom and Valour to all Generations.

His Friends, who know the honest Fellow's romantick Turn, advise him to stick to his Business and let him alone. But he, like a true Hero, justly and bravely replies, Shall it ever be said, that the Grandson of *the Illustrious John Bull* prefers the ignominious Ease and Indolence of Peace, before the glorious Toils of War, and Trophies of Victory!

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Is it not the Voice of the whole Nation, that there is more real Glory in a laced Hat and Cockade, and a Regimental Dress, even with an empty Pocket, than in the plain homely Dress of the richest Clothier in the Country? Do not our wise and honourable Representatives in Parliament, do not all the Ladies in *Great Britain* say the same? What an insipid Creature is a plain honest Country Gentleman? What an awkward Figure does he cut in a Drawing Room, at a Ball, at an Assembly, when compared with the erect Gait, the intrepid Front, the piercing Eye, the elevated Chest, the firm Step, the enchanting Air, the irresistible Dress of a military Hero? On him so terrible, and yet so amiable, every lovely Eye is fixed, for him every gentle Heart sighs, and snowy Bosom heaves with Rapture; for him alone the unexperienced Virgins pine, and even amorous old Maids and Widows languish. Happy she whom he deigns to distinguish by a Side Glance; happier she, whom he surveys with Attention, to whom he opens his bewitching Mouth, or Gold Snuff-Box; but thrice happy she whom he approaches with Reverence, whose tender trembling Hand he gently presses, and leads her out transported with Joy, and covered with Blushes, to be the Mistress of his Charms for that Evening, and the Envy of the whole Circle for that Season.

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Is not this true? (says John.) *I therefore declare, that if I had ten thousand Sons, I would breed them all to the Army; and if I could not find Employment for them at Home, I would let them out to Hire a la mode de Suisse, &c. Well said! honest John; well fare thy Heart. Thou wert born a Hero, and art determined to die in thy Calling. — I beg Pardon for dwelling so long upon the History of this honest Fellow, but he is the Miniature of the greatest Heroes of our Family; for by the self-same generous, honourable, disinterested Maxims are we all directed from the highest to the lowest. — I had many curious and secret historical Remarks upon this Head of *political Conduct*, which I intended to publish, but am happily prevented by the judicious Labour of the learned Dr. *Humphrey Jobber*, who has composed an useful and excellent Treatise, which he calls *An Anatomical Dissection of the Body Politick*, in a Method entirely new, illustrated with a great Variety of Copper-Plates: To which will be added, *An Appendix upon Political Architecture*, where the Publick may expect several entertaining and surprizing Discoveries. I beg leave to mention only one, the Root and Foundation of an entire new System.*

Your Lordship cannot but know, that several conceited systematical Writers have asserted

ferred that there is a just and proper Analogy betwixt *the Body Natural* and *the Body Politick*; that as the firm and regular Structure and Disposition of the Stamina, the Strength and Cleanness of the Vessels, the Purity and Tenuity of the Fluids, their free and uninterrupted Circulation, a strong nervous System, a due Concoction, Secretion, and Distribution of the nutritious Juices into the Habit and Constitution, are the Foundation and Support of natural Health and Vigour; so something analogous to it would be the Health, the Soundness, the Vigour, the Life of the *Body Politick*. Now this ingenious Author has discovered this to be all a Mistake, that there is no Kind of Analogy or Resemblance whatsoever betwixt the one and the other; but, on the contrary, that That which would be the Life of the one, would be the Destruction of the other; that the *Body Politick* could not possibly subsist without certain periodical Paroxysms, or intermitting Fermentations, for which the State-Physicians have an infallible Specifick, which operates in the Way of an Opiate or Anodyne Draught; that uncorrupt Juices would be the Death of the Patient; that their easy gentle Motion through clear and unobstructed Passages, would certainly produce a Lethargy; and that therefore it is absolutely necessary to keep up a perpetual Ferment in the Blood,
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and Itch in the Skin, in order to keep the Patient awake, by giving him the perpetual Pleasure of Scratching. For the same Reason scorbutick Eruptions, ulcerous, and *especially scrophulous* Sores, Fractures, and Dislocations are in some critical Conjunctures absolutely necessary both for the Patient and the Physician, as they are Trials of the Goodness of his Temper, and the Strength of his Constitution, and at the same time give Employment and Bread to numberless Retainers to the Faculty, who in a State of absolute Ease and Tranquillity must be forced to take to the Highway, or some such-like honourable Employment to keep themselves from starving.

But there is another Advantage of *political Corruption*, which deserves a very particular Consideration, *viz.* that the Prosperity and Encrease of the Body depends upon it. It is a well-known Maxim of Philosophy, *That the Corruption of one natural Body is the Generation of another*; but in the political World, the Corruption of one is often the *Generation of Thousands*. How many new Laws, new Powers, new Magistrates, new Officers, new ——— are produced by every new Corruption? Now as all Officers and Magistrates, all People of Authority, Rank, and Power in the political Body, are of infinitely more Consequence to the Publick than
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the common *Herd*, the *Beasts* of the People, so it may at an Average be computed, that every Officer, Commissioner, or Magistrate, especially if he rides in his Coach, and has a Seat in Parliament, is more in Weight and Value than a Thousand *Sturdy Beggars*, or Rabble of Mankind; and if any of these should, for their special Services in *After* Times (for I mean not the present Generation) be called up to the other House, and be created your Lordship's Peers, they would be in the same millecuple Proportion greater, and wiser, and better than they were before, or could any other ways have been. To this therefore it is entirely owing, that many have been formerly, and will hereafter be shining in Courts, commanding in Armies, and haranguing or voting at least in Senates, who in an *uncorrupt* Generation had lived and dyed in Obscurity, useless Members of the Commonwealth, neither regarded whilst living, nor lamented nor remembered when dead. — But to proceed — An equal Distribution of the nutritious Juices, which is the Health and Life of the *Natural Body*, would in the *Body Politick* produce an unnatural Equality among the Members, and destroy that necessary Subordination and Subjection, which the ignoble owe to their noble and honourable Superiors. — But, the Difference is no where more observable, than in the Case

of a *Plethora*, or loaded Habit. This, in the *Natural Body*, is always attended by Weariness, Oppression of Spirits, Want of Appetite and Inclination to vomit, and can only be cured by Evacuations and Abstinence: But in the *Political*, the Case is quite otherwise, the Symptoms are entirely different. It is observable that the Appetite always encreases in Proportion; that the Patient, instead of being heavy, languid, and unactive, is ten times more active, vigilant, meddling and inquisitive, even to a Degree of saucy Impertinence; and that to *evacuate or refund* would be next to immediate Death. Were a Physician, or even a *Committee of the College*, but to propose such a Method of Cure, the very Mention would infallibly throw the Patient into Convulsions, if not a *Deliquium* or Distraction, *cum multis aliis, &c.*

In the *Appendix upon Political Architecture*, there are several very curious and useful Discoveries, some of which I shall briefly touch upon by way of Specimen. In *common Architecture*, every body knows that deep and solid Foundations are absolutely necessary for erecting a substantial and durable Building; that the Materials should be the very best in their Kind, and the Workmen the very best that could be procured for Love or Money. Particularly in our own Country we should use Good ENGLISH
OAK,

OAK, Good FREE STONE, hewn, squared, and put together by FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS; but in *political* Architecture, this worthy Author has discovered that the best and cheapest Way is to lay the Foundation upon the Surface, that in the *Contignation* (as the learned Doctor calls it) there is no manner of Occasion for Oak, or any such inflexible sturdy Timber, that any *sorry Sticks of Wood* that are fit for nothing else may serve quite as well, if they be but pliable, and admit of being bent to any Form or Purpose, the Undertaker shall require; that in the Stone-Work there is no manner of Occasion for the Expence of Free-Stone, of hewing, or squaring, or dressing; any Sort of Stone will do quite as well, nor will any Obliquity of Shape, or Inequality of Surface make them less useful; all will depend upon their Position, and the Cement that holds them together. He has by long and repeated Experiments found out, that *common Dirt*, duly prepared, makes the best Cement in the World, which may be easily tempered into a viscous or glutinous Consistence; that Stones of any Figure, globular or angular, laid deep in such a Bed, fall of course into their proper Places by a Sort of magnetick Attraction or Gravitation; and after lying a proper Time in a very warm Sunshine, without being moved or discomposed

by any officious Pretenders to Symmetry, Proportion, and Order, will form a Cruft or Stuke like the Walls of *Babylon*, with a Surface as impenetrable as a Crocodile's Skin, a Miser's Heart, or a Whore's Forehead. As therefore the whole Affair lyes in collecting and packing Sticks and Stones and Dirt together, and that FREE and ACCEPT-ED MASONS scorn (forsooth) to be employed in such dirty Work, it has been found by Experience, that the meanest and most ignorant Labourers, not only do it quite as well, but a great deal better.—Both these curious Pieces are intended to adorn the above-mentioned Collection.

I fear I have tired your Lordship's Patience by this tedious Letter, but humbly beg leave, before I conclude, to do Justice to the Memory of my ever-honoured Uncle Sir *Francis*, who has been publickly exposed upon the Stage as well as in Print, to the Laughter and Contempt of People not half so wise and honest as himself; and I can hardly forgive our ungrateful Kinsman *Colley Cibber*, Esq; for such an unnatural Abuse of his best Friends, and nearest Relations. Whether he were betrayed into this ridiculous Conduct by Ignorance, or Affectation, I cannot determine; but am told by some of his Acquaintance, that it was entirely owing to the latter;

ter; that when he is among his merry Companions, he always takes care to disclaim any Kind of Relation to the Family. But this is not only an idle but an impudent Attempt, since the whole Nation is fully convinced of the contrary; but, however, as he has on some other Accounts behaved properly, and done Honour to his Lineage, I shall only advise him to offend no more, nor crack any of his unseasonable Jokes upon those to whom he owes all the Interest and Credit, he has in the World. I shall only endeavour to vindicate the Illustrious Character which he has abused, and shew that many of those who pretend to make him and his Family the Subject of their Mirth and Laughter, have acted the very same, and some of them a more ridiculous Part than he. —

The plain Fact, in short, was this: As he was a very good-natur'd honest Gentleman, of a chearful Disposition, and sociable Temper, so he affected above all Things (as Mrs. *Motherly* tells him) to be *popular* in his Country; and as he took particular Care to have his Cellars well stored, no wonder that *Bumper Hall* was the constant Resort of all the honest merry Fellows, especially of his own Kindred, who whilst they were drinking his Liquor, had good Sense and good Manners enough to applaud his superior Understanding, laugh at his Jokes, and bow low to his Honour.

Honour. And as People of his transcendent Genius and Quality are generally above the low *mercantile* Taste for Figures and Calculations, and the unpopular Arts of *Oeconomy* and *Frugality*, no wonder that he hurt his Fortune, and (as himself confesses) run his Estate a little *awt at Elbows*; and in order to mend his Affairs, got himself *Elected* (*Returned* I should say, but it is much the same thing) to a Seat in Parliament, in hopes of retrieving his Estate by some beneficial Place or Pension, for which he was as well qualified as many whom your Lordship remembers to have played the same Game with better Success. — My Lady, good Woman, was in a different way of thinking; Sots and Drunkards were her Aversion, having always observed that they were a muddy thick-skull'd Generation, without Taste or Appetite for any earthly Thing besides. But happening to meet the accomplish'd *Count Basset* at *York Races*, she was struck with Admiration at the Sight of a Person so different from that Race of Animals, she had used to converse with. His graceful Person, his easy Manner, his familiar Address, his flowing Eloquence, his polite Expression inspired her with something more than common Esteem for an *Illustrious Stranger*, who had said more fine Things to her in one Evening, than her dear Sir *Francis* had said

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in seven Years before, or was like to say in seven Years after. No wonder therefore that she had a longing Desire to see the Place where such *fine Gentlemen* were bred, and where she had Hopes at the same Time of repairing the Fortune, as well as mending the Manners of the Family. Miss *Jenny*, who inherited her Mother's Taste, and was improving very fast upon her Plan, Example, and Instruction, was overjoyed to think of changing her Situation, and removing from the unbred Conversation of Country Squires, who could talk for Hours together of the Beauties and Excellencies of a favourite Horse or Dog, whilst they were utterly insensible of those growing Charms which her faithful Glass assured her would in a less barbarous Country quickly make her the Admiration of our Sex, and the Envy of her own; not to mention the lively Hope, she entertained, that some of those tender Things, which the amorous Count was throwing away upon her *Mamma*, might in a little Time fall to her Share, who better deserved them, and had a much better Reason to expect them. — Whilst the hopeful 'Squire *Richard*, the Heir Apparent to the Wisdom and Honours of the Family, came into the Scheme purely *for Fun*, in hopes of seeing the *Lions*, and the *Monuments*, and the fine Lasses, whom he had so often heard the well-bred

bred Count toast with Rapture. — Now
 pray, my Lord, what was there in this whole
 Conduct either criminal or ridiculous? He
 had as much Zeal and as much Merit as
 some, whom your Lordship remembers to
 have made no small Figure in the World;
 and if he could have been so happy as
 to do the same, who could blame him?
 But if neither the Distresses of his Family,
 his clamorous Debts, the Importunity of
 his affectionate Spouse, nor the better Edu-
 cation of his two lovely hopeful Infants,
 could be thought a sufficient Justification of
 his Conduct, what shall be said for those,
 who with Fortunes entirely easy, and suf-
 ficient to answer all the rational Purposes of
 Life, have quitted their Paternal Seats and
 Estates, where they might live with Dignity
 and Ease, to dangle for Years together after
 a Court, doing the Drudgery, and licking
 the Spittle of every Man in Power, in hopes
 of procuring — — — they knew not
 what — — — they knew not when?
 Now, if such Conduct as this must be ridi-
 culed by an impertinent *Play-Writer*, as the
 distinguishing Folly of our Family, he will
 find to his Confusion that we are a more
 numerous *Corps* than he imagined; and if
 we should all agree to desert the House every
 Time his Nonsense is acted, I can assure him,
 he would have but a thin Audience, and
 scarce

scarce receive enough to pay for his Candles. We are (as I said before) not only a numerous Family, but well-allied and well-supported, and particularly remarkable for our inviolable Regard for the Family Interest, and inseparable Attachment to each other; and whoever was fool-hardy enough to provoke us, was seldom known to get much by the Bargain. Whoever attempted to be arch and witty upon any one of the Family, might as well have thrust his Head into a Hornets Nest; he was sure to have us all about his Ears, and to be worried out of his Fame and Patience, if not out of Life. The Cry, we were sure to raise upon him, was as loud and extensive as our united Interest could make it; and our Opposition to all his Schemes for Promotion and Advancement in the World, was seldom known to be unsuccessful. Wherever we had any Degree of Interest or Power, especially the Direction of any Society *Ecclesiastical* or *Civil*, we are sure to improve it, by admitting none but *Friends* and *Relations*. Let a Man's Merit be ever so great, his Character ever so shining in other Respects, his Services, his Labours, his Zeal, his Hardships, ever so extraordinary, if he cannot produce proper Credentials from some of our Friends, we are determined never to admit him, lest he should take it in his Head to interrupt the

Peace and Harmony of the Society, and create Schisms and Dissentions among us, under the specious Pretence of regulating Disorders, and reforming Abuses; by which Means, I think, we shall effectually exclude Interlopers and Innovators of every Sort or Kind. However low our Interest may seem at present, yet *some* we have; and perhaps more than can easily be imagined; which, by Unanimity and Patience, we hope to improve daily. There was a Time when we had the Power entirely in our own Hands, if we could but have kept it; *But what has been, may be.* And as low as we seem to be, we may again have it in our Power to turn the Tables and the Laugh upon them, who at present raise it upon us; and if ever we should see that happy Day, we shall be sure to take effectual Care to restrain the Insolence, by stopping the Mouths and Pens of all Opposers. This alone will give us ample Satisfaction for all the Indignities, we have suffered, as it will effectually prevent your Lordship from speaking and publishing, and our Enemies from hearing or reading what they call *The finest Speeches in the English Tongue.*

I hope your Lordship will make a proper Use of the Hint, I have given you, and treat us for the future with so much Indulgence

gence at least, as may give you a Title to
our Favour, if you should live to want it:
With this Hope I beg Leave to subscribe
myself,

My Lord,

Your LORDSHIP

Most Obedient Servant,